CAPTAIN MARVEL
GOLDEN ARROW
A Fawcett Publication
JUNE
NO. 86
WHIZ COMICS
10¢
CLANG!
!!
CAPTAIN MARVEL
Fights the
SINISTER SIVANAS!
Also
IBIS the INVINCIBLE... GOLDEN ARROW

FLASH! This MODEL CITY is Yours now at NO EXTRA COST!

HURRY! It's waiting for you right this minute at your nearest grocery store!

Buy the BETTY CROCKER CEREAL TRAY! Just one of the six different packages gives everything needed to build everything in the unit pictured above!

One City Block, consisting of Grocery and Market, Barber Shop, Bakery and Drug Store, complete with roofs! Plus—4 houses, with garages or additions! 4 Autos! 4 Billboards or Signs! 4 Awnings! 2 Storage Sheds! Fences! All details amazingly true-to-life!

Best of all, there are six *different* units! So you can keep building till you have a complete Model City!

Illustration shows 1 set individual package (one of 10 inside) makes one house! Other individual packages make roofs for buildings, etc. No paste or glue needed! Many slots pre-cut! Full instructions included!

EXTRA!

Unit pictured above is First Avenue. You'll get 2nd, 3rd 4th, 5th and 6th Avenues with other Betty Crocker Cereal Trays!

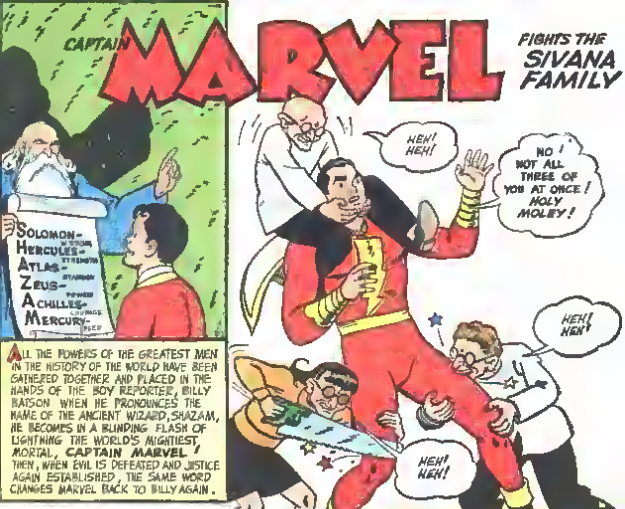
NOTE: Model City is BIG! Block of buildings is 14 inches long 9 inches high, 4½ inches wide! Houses and other models in proportion!

START NOW! SEE YOUR GROCER!

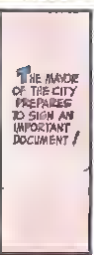
THE Betty Crocker CEREAL TRAY

10 individual-size packages of your favorite cereals!...4 Wheaties...4 Cheerios...2 Kix! Each individual package holds just enough for one supersize serving! Extra fresh!

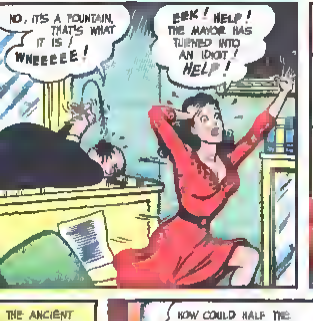
GENERAL MILLS, INC.



ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE BOY REPORTER, BILLY BATSON WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD, SHAZAM, HE BECOMES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, **CAPTAIN MARVEL!** THEN, WHEN EVIL IS DEFEATED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED, THE SAME WORD CHANGES MARVEL BACK TO BILLY AGAIN.

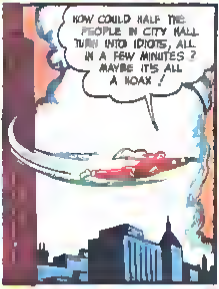


BUT SUDDENLY, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS!
WHAT'S THIS IN MY HAND? IS IT AN ELEPHANT? IS IT A POTATO?
MAYBE IT'S A PETUNIA!
MR. MAYOR! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK SO QUEER!


NO, IT'S A FOUNTAIN, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! WHEEEEEE!
EEK! HELP! THE MAYOR HAS TURNED INTO AN IDIOT! HELP!

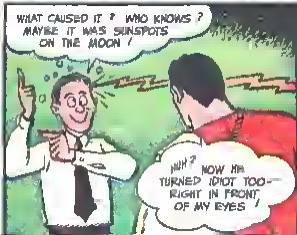
THE NEWS COMES TO BILLY BATSON, BOY NEWSCASTER FOR STATION WHIZ!
FLASH! HIS HONOR THE MAYOR WAS JUST FOUND BABBLING LIKE AN IDIOT, AT CITY HALL!
ANOTHER BULLETIN, BILLY! HALF OF HIS CLERKS ARE NOW ACTING LIKE IDIOTS TOO! THE CITY HALL IS A MADHOUSE!
HOLY MOLEY! THIS IS SERIOUS... EVERYBODY IN CITY HALL IS BECOMING AN IDIOT! CAPTAIN MARVEL HAD BETTER LOOK INTO THIS.... SHAZAM!

THE ANCIENT NAME BRINGS A THUNDERBOLT OF MAGIC LIGHTNING, AND BILLY BECOMES HIS OTHER SELF... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
KOOM!


HOW COULD HALF THE PEOPLE IN CITY HALL TURN INTO IDIOTS, ALL IN A FEW MINUTES? MAYBE IT'S ALL A HOAX!

BUT IT IS NO HOAX, AS CAPTAIN MARVEL SOON SEES!
HOLY MOLEY! THEY'VE ALL GONE COMPLETELY HAYWIRE!
WHEE!
DA! DA!

I'M THE ONLY SANE ONE LEFT, CAPTAIN MARVEL! OH, IT'S AWFUL! IT STRUCK LIKE AN EPIDEMIC!
BUT WHAT CAUSED IT?


WHAT CAUSED IT? WHO KNOWS? MAYBE IT WAS SUNSPOTS ON THE MOON!
HUH? NOW HE TURNED IDIOT TOO— RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES!

BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL'S KEEN EYES HAVE SEEN A MYSTERIOUS RAY!
I SAW A RAY COME FROM THIS CLOSET! AND DO I HEAR A CERTAIN NASTY LAUGH?
HEH-HEH-HEH!
DR. SIVANA, THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST SCIENTIST! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE BEHIND THIS! SO YOU CAUSED THEM ALL TO GO IDIOTIC?
HEH, HEH! YES, CAPTAIN MARVEL! I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE IDIOT RAY, WHICH ADDLES THE BRAIN AND MAKES THE VICTIM GO NUTTY FOR A FEW HOURS!
BUT DON'T THINK YOU'LL STOP ME, YOU BIG RED OX! I'LL SHINE THE IDIOT RAY ON YOU NOW--- AND PRESTO--- YOU'LL TURN INTO AN IDIOT!
???
BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL IS UNAFFECTED!
NO SOAP, YOU LITTLE FIEND! AND NOW I'LL KNOCK YOU AS SILLY AS YOUR VICTIMS!
CURSES!
BAM!
WILL CAPTAIN MARVEL, TOO, LOSE HIS MIND?
NOW TO SMASH THIS HORRIBLE INVENTION TO BITS!
OH WHAT A BLOW! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY WHILE HE'S DESTROYING MY MACHINE!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY, YOU LITTLE WEASEL!
OH NO? LITTLE DO YOU KNOW THE NEXT SURPRISE I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU! JUST CHASE ME AND SEE!
I'VE ALMOST GOT YOU! BUT HEY--- WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE BANK?
HELP!!

HELP!
LEMME OUT!
HOLY MOLEY! I'VE GOT TO LET SIVANA GO AND SEE WHAT GOES ON IN THIS BANK! EVERYBODY'S RUNNING OUT!
BANK
GASP!
OH, HOW TERRIBLE!
GASP! THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH SOME AWFUL ODOR!
AND A STRANGE FIGURE IS ROBBING THE EMPTY BANK
HEH! HEH! HEH! MY SIVANA STINK BOMB CLEARED THEM ALL OUT! IT'S COMPOSED OF THE CONCENTRATED ESSENCE OF SKUNKS, GARLIC AND BAD EGGS! NOBODY CAN STAND THE SMELL EXCEPT ME, WITH MY GAS-MASK!
SIVANA JR.!--- YOU ???
IT IS ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST FAMILY—SIVANA JR., THE SON OF EVIL DR. SIVANA!
NOW ABOUT TAKING A WHIFF OF THIS STUFF YOURSELF? I'LL KNOCK YOUR GAS-MASK OFF!
NO--- NO--- NOT THAT!
I STOPPED YOU FROM GETTING YOUR LOOT!
GASP! I DON'T WANT THE MONEY! JUST GAVE ME SOME FRESH AIR---
GULP!
SO YOU AND YOUR FATHER TEAMED UP AGAINST ME THIS TIME, EH? I MISSED HIM, BUT I'LL RUN YOU DOWN!
WELL YOU? HEH, HEH!

AND AT THE STREET CORNER, ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL . . !
HALP!
HOLY MOLEY! A ROBOT MANGLING A POLICEMAN! GOT TO HELP HIM!
CLANG!
NOW WHERE DID THIS IRON MONSTER COME FROM?
HEH, HEH, HEH!
ANOTHER SIVANA! LAUGH! AND ANOTHER SIVANA— GEORGIA SIVANA!
HEH, HEH! I MADE YOU LET MY BROTHER, SIVANA JR., ESCAPE! AND NOW LET'S SEE YOU FIGHT MY ROBOT! IT'LL TAKE YOU SIXTEEN HOURS TO SMASH HIM TO BITS!
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! I SEE YOU CONTROL THE ROBOT WITH THAT CONTROL BOX, SO I'LL JUST CRUSH IT!
OHH!
CRUNCH!
RIP
AT LEAST I GOT YOU— HUH?
BUT LOOK! THE ROBOT WENT BERSERK! WITH NO CONTROL BOX TO GUIDE HIM, HE'LL SMASH EVERYTHING IN HIS WAY! HEH, HEH!
RIP
BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN SMASHES THE MECHANICAL MONSTER!
SIXTEEN HOURS! SHE MISSED HER GUESS! IT ONLY TOOK SIXTEEN SECONDS TO WRECK THIS TIN APE!
POW
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SCOOT! HEH, HEH!
GEORGIA'S GONE! THEY ALL ESCAPED ME! HOLY MOLEY! THIS MEANS THE WHOLE SIVANA FAMILY HAS JOINED FORCES AGAINST ME! THEY RAN A SORT OF RELAY-RACE AND GAVE ME THE RUN AROUND! HOLY MOLEY!

ELSEWHERE, THE THREE MEMBERS OF THE SIVANA FAMILY MEET AND COMPARE NOTES /
HEH, HEH! WE SURE MADE A FOOL OF THAT BIG DUMMY!
YES! HEH, HEH! THE THREE OF US TOGETHER ARE UNBEATABLE!
HEH, HEH, HEH, HEHHH!
HEY MAW! WHAT ARE WE LAUGHING ABOUT? CAPTAIN MARVEL PREVENTED US FROM PULLING OUR THREE CRIMES! WE HAVE NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT!
GEE, THAT'S RIGHT, PAPA!
BUT WE'LL PLAY OUR ACE CARD NOW! BACK OF US WILL TAKE A FLYING PILL, WHICH I CONCOCTED! BY FOOLING OUR BRAINS AND CUNNING, WE'LL STILL BEAT CAPTAIN MARVEL!
WHEEE! WE CAN FLY JUST LIKE MARVEL, NOW!
COME ON! THE ONLY WAY TO LICK HIM IS TO STRIKE AT BILLY BATSON! AND THESE FLYING PILLS GIVE US THE CHANCE TO DO IT!
THAT NIGHT, AS BILLY BATSON LEAVES STATION WHIZ...
NICE NIGHT! BUT GOLLY--WHAT ARE THOSE THREE STRANGE SHADOWS?
LIKE THREE VULTURES, THE SIVANA FAMILY DIVE DOWN UPON THEIR PREY!
QUICK, PA AND GAS HIM! WE STRIKE SO FAST HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE TO CAPTAIN MARVEL!
HOLY MOLEY! SHAZ... ULPS!
SHALL WE TAKE HIM UP TEN MILES AND DROP HIM LIKE A STONE, PAPA?
NO, DAUGHTER! I HAVE A MUCH MORE FIENDISH IDEA! HEH, HEH, HEH! BACK TO THE LAB WITH HIM!

GOT IT, KIDS? THIS BALLOON IS FILLED WITH HELIUM GAS!
BACK AT THE LAB, LATER---
I SEE! I'LL DRAG BILLY HIGH INTO THE AIR!
YES! THE BALLOON WILL CARRY BILLY MILES HIGH, WHERE THE AIR IS SO THIN HE'LL DIE OF ASPHYXIATION! ISN'T YOUR OLD PAPA SMART, EH? HEH, HEH, HEH!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, PAPA! GOODBYE, BILLY--FOREVER! HEH, HEH, HEH!
HELPLESS, BILLY IS DRAGGED HIGHER AND HIGHER, INTO THE COLD, THIN STRATOSPHERE!
HOLY MOLEY! WHAT A TRAP! IT'S FREEZING COLD UP HERE, AND I'M SLOWLY SUFFOCATING IN THE THIN AIR! PILOTS NEVER GO THIS HIGH WITHOUT OXYGEN MASKS!
GASP!
I'M DONE FOR! GASP! MY SENSES ARE GOING DIM! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE. GULP! I CAN'T THINK OF ANY WAY TO ESCAPE!
BUT THE BRAVE BOY NEVER GIVES UP, AND AT THE LAST MOMENT, HOPE COMES TO HIM BEFORE THE LAST SHREDS OF HIS MIND AND STRENGTH VANISH!
THUD!
I'LL SWING MY FEET UP AND KICK THE BALLOON! IF I KEEP KICKING, MAYBE IT'LL BREAK!
WHOOOSH!
THANK HEAVEN--IT WORKED! THE GAS IS GOING OUT OF THE BROKEN BALLOON, AND NOW I'LL DROP DOWN!

BUT HOLY MOLEY ! NOW I'M DROPPING LIKE A STONE ! I'LL SMASH ON THE GROUND !
BUT THE SPEED OF BILLY'S FALL WHIPS UP A TERRIFIC WIND WHICH RIPS THE GAG FROM HIS FACE AND ...
AT LAST--- SHAZAM !
MAGIC LIGHTNING AGAIN BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL !
BOOM !
THAT WAS BILLY'S CLOSEST SHAVE ! NOW TO LOCATE THOSE THREE SIVANAS FOR A SHOWDOWN ! I'M NOT SURE, BUT DO I SEE THEM OVER BY THE AIRPORT ?
YES ! THERE THEY ARE BELOW ME ! THEY'RE ATTACKING A MAIL PLANE !
COME ON, KIDS ! WE'LL BOARD THIS MAIL PLANE AND ROB IT--- AND THERE'S NO CAPTAIN MARVEL TO STOP US !
CURSES ! NOT EVEN THE THREE OF US TOGETHER CAN DEFEAT CAPTAIN MARVEL ! SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL GO MAD ! DO YOU HEAR ? MAD !
BELIEVE ME, FOLKS, THIS WAS ONE TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS REALLY WORRIED ! WITH ALL THREE MEMBERS OF THE WICKED SIVANA FAMILY AGAINST HIM, IT WAS NIP AND TUCK TO WIN THROUGH ! BUT THE DAY HAS YET TO COME WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL LOSES OUT AGAINST EVIL ! BYE NOW !
OH YEAH ?
SWAM !
SLAM !
CAPTAIN MARVEL !
SLAM !
HOW CAN YOU SIVANA ! YOU'RE ALREADY THE WORLD'S MADDEST SCIENTIST !

Hank GREENBERG

HOME RUN CHAMPION

HOWS THAT FOR SIZE?

BIG HANK WAS **HOME RUN KING** OF THE MAJOR LEAGUES IN 1945 -- WITH 44 CIRCUIT BLOWS. HE ALSO TOPPED ALL AMERICAN LEAGUE SLUGGERS IN THE RUNS-BATTED-IN DEPARTMENT BY DRIVING HOME 127 TEAMMATES

IT'S BEEN A SWELL TIME

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

GREENBERG IS PART OWNER OF A MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD FOR THE MOST RUNS BY A RIGHT-HANDED BATTER. THE DETROIT BOMBER LAUNCHED 58 FOUR BAGGERS IN 1938 TO TIE FOR THE **ALL-TIME CHAMPIONSHIP**

"I'M WHAT YOU CALL A **LONG TIME WHEATIES EATER**," SAYS CHAMPION HANK GREENBERG. "I'VE BEEN EATING THOSE GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES SINCE WAY BACK IN 1935 AND TAKE IT FROM ME -- A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WITH MILK AND FRUIT IS ONE SWELL DISH"

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

WILBUR
THE WAITER
"WILBUR FOLLOWS ORDERS"
WAITER, I WANT A NICE CHOP...
YES, SIR.
...I WANT IT TO BE LEAN WITH JUST A LITTLE FAT ON ONE SIDE... AND HAVE IT SEASONED WITH SALT, PEPPER AND MUSTARD...
...I UNDERSTAND.
I WANT THE CHOP TO BE FAIRLY WELL DONE BUT I DON'T WANT IT TO BE BURNED, AND I WANT IT TO BE SERVED WITH JUST A SMATTERING OF GRAVY.
...NOW, DO YOU UNDERSTAND EXACTLY HOW I WANT THE CHOP?
YES, SIR--PERFECTLY!
HEY, JOE-- ONE CHOP!
the CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB IS FLYING HIGH!
HERE'S YOUR COUPON PAL! FILL IT OUT PRONTO AND MAIL IT IN TODAY!
WHY NOT JOIN THE FUN?
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET...
OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON
MEMBERSHIP CARD
SECRET CODE
and MANY OTHER SURPRISES!

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION STRIKE OUT—NO HIT SPEEDBALL CLEVELAND INDIANS PITCHER

Says

BOYS and GIRLS

GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, OH! DINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS

ALL POPSICLE® PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS IN APPROVED CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

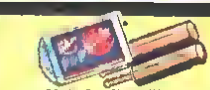
will send you—

FREE

ALL THIS FREE

NO BAGS — NO MONEY

SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



COOLING — REFRESHING VARIOUR FLAVORS

CHEWY — FUDGY FROZEN DELIGHT

RICH ICE CREAM DELICIOUSLY COATED

RICH ICE CREAM CHOCOLATE COATED

SAVE THE BAGS GET SWELL PRIZES

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if they say LICENSED BY JOE LOWS CORPORATION" and— SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

THIS WONDERFUL POPSICLE PETE® FUN BOOK CHOCK FULL OF STORIES TRICKS, PRIZES HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ, LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT

EXTRA FREE PRIZE CATALOG

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE® FUN BOOK" It shows pictures of prizes given just for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells how many bags needed for each gift

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE POPSICLE PETE® FUN BOOK AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete®
461 W 28th ST NEW YORK 1 N Y
In Canada Address
108 Sterling Road, Toronto

GOLDEN ARROW
and the "UNEXPLORED TERRITORY"
LOOK AT THAT COVERED WAGON KICK UP DUST! YUHD THINK THE DRIVER HAD SEEN GHOSTS!
WHEN WILD INDIANS ARE REPORTED IN "UNEXPLORED TERRITORY" IT'S A JOB FOR THE HARD RIDING, FAST-SHOOTING ROBIN HOOD OF THE WEST---- GOLDEN ARROW!
WHOA!
YUH LOOK A MITE FRIGHTENED, STRANGER! WHUTS THE TROUBLE?
YUH'D BE SCARED TOO, IF YUHD SEEN WHUT I JUST DID!
I WAS LEADIN THREE COVERED WAGONS INTO THE UNSETTLED PART OF THE OAKWOOD TERRITORY TUH TRY OUR LUCK AT FARMIN' WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED BY INJUNS!

THEY DESTROYED THE OTHER TWO WAGONS, BUT I MANAGED TO ESCAPE!
INDIANS IN THE OAKWOOD TERRITORY! I'VE BEEN THROUGH THOSE PARTS MANY TIMES AND I NEVER SAW ANY INDIANS THERE, STRANGER! GUESS I'LL LOOK AROUND!
BE CAREFUL, GOLDEN ARROW! THESE INJUNS ARE REAL WILD!
SCRATCH GRAVEL, WHITE WIND!
SOME TIME LATER--
THE UNEXPLORED PART OF OAKWOOD TERRITORY IS RIGHT AHEAD! BETTER SLOW DOWN, WHITE WIND!
I NEVER SAW THAT CABIN BEFORE! THAT MEANS SOMEBODY IS UP HERE BUT I STILL DON'T SEE ANY INDIANS!
WAIT HERE, WHITE WIND! IT WOULD BE LESS NOTICEABLE IF I WENT UP THERE ON FOOT!
BUT AS GOLDEN ARROW APPROACHES THE CABIN...
INDIANS! THAT STRANGER WAS RIGHT! BUT WAIT--- I NEVER SAW ANY INDIANS WHO LIVED IN CABINS! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY GOING ON HERE!
AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
SHOT WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, THE GOLDEN ARROW STRIKES THE INDIANS RIFLE!
HUH!
GOLDEN ARROW!
CHUNK

AND GOLDEN ARROW EASILY OVERPOWERS THE TWO INDIANS--
I DON'T RECKON YOU TWO WILL GIVE ME ANY MORE TROUBLE!
CRASH!
MAYBE THERE'S A WINDOW IN THE BACK OF THE CABIN! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON BEFORE I RUSH IN!
BUT AS GOLDEN ARROW CIRCLES THE CABIN ----
LOOK AT THOSE HORSES! I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
PRETENDIN' TUH BE INJUNS WAS A GREAT IDEA! THIS WAY WE KIN SCARE OFF ANYONE WHO'D WANT TUH SETTLE UP HYAR!
AND WE KIN KEEP USIN' THIS UNSETTLED PART OF OAKLAND HILLS TUH HIDE OUT THE HORSES WE RUSTLE!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THOSE INDIANS ARE JUST A BUNCH OF HORSE RUSTLERS COVERED UP WITH RED PAINT!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT---
THE NEXT TIME YUH KNOCK SOME BODY OUT, BETTER MAKE SURE HE'S REALLY OUT!
BAM!!
UGH!
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER--
IT'S GOLDEN ARROW, ALL RIGHT! THE PEOPLE IN TOWN MUST SUSPECT SOMETHING'S GOIN ON UP HERE!
GUESS THIS IS THE END OF OUR HIDEOUT!
RED PAINT
YORE PLUMB LOCO KETCHIN' GOLDEN ARROW IS THE BEST BE-- WE EVER HAD!

IF WE SCALP GOLDEN ARROW AND SEND HIS BODY BACK TUH TOWN THAT WOULD CONVINCE EVERYBODY THERE'S REAL INDIANS UP HYAR!
I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! WE KIN GO RIGHT ON RUSTLIN' HORSES AND USE THIS HIDE-OUT FOREVER!
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO USE MY HEAD —AND FEET!
HELP! I CAN'T SEE!
PLOP
IF I TIME THIS RIGHT, THAT TOMAHAWK WILL FREE ME!
AND GOLDEN ARROW'S TIMING IS PERFECT----
DON'T STAND THAR, YUH FOOLS! DO SOMETHIN' BEFORE HE ESCAPES!
HE'S JUMPIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW! GIT AFTER HIM!
KEEP SHOOTIN' TILL YUH GIT HIM!
BANG!
RAN!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP OUT OF LINE OF THEIR FIRE! I'LL RUN BEHIND THAT BOULDER!
BANG!
IF I'M GOING TO TRAP THEM I HAVE TO GET THEM OUT OF THAT CABIN!
IF HE MAKES ONE MOVE HE'S A GONER!
AND ONE WAY TO GET THEM OUT...
—IS TO SMOKE THEM OUT!
LOOK! FIRE!
WE'D BETTER GIT OUTA HYAR BEFORE THE WHOLE CABIN GOES UP IN FLAMES!
BUT GOLDEN ARROW HAS ANTICIPATED THIS MOVE—
YOU'RE RIGHT IN MY RANGE! YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE! EITHER COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR STAY IN THE BURNING CABIN!
WE SURRENDER, GOLDEN ARROW!
LATER—
AS SOON AS THE STOLEN HORSES ARE RETURNED TO THEIR OWNERS, OAKWOOD TERRITORY CAN BE SETTLED! THESE RUSTLERS ARE HEADING FOR JAIL NOW!
LOOK! GOLDEN ARROW CAPTURED THE INJUNS!
INJUNS! THEY'RE NOT REAL INJUNS! THEY'RE WEARIN' RED PAINT!

The Adventures of SAM SPADE

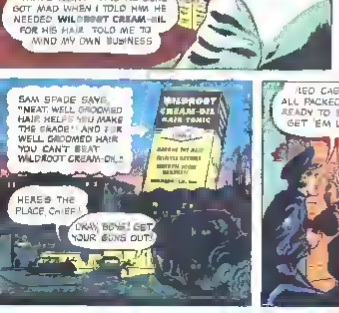
DASHIELL HAMMETT'S DETECTIVE

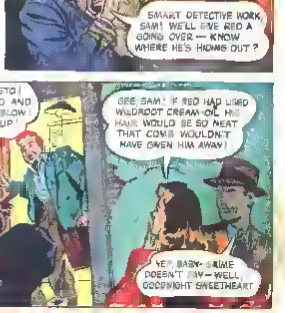
(THE CASE OF THE TELL-TALE COMB)

LISTEN TO "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday night. It's your Columbia (CBS) broadcasting system station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

HMM! SOMEBODY FINALLY SLIPPED A SLUG OF POISON IN "BIG MIKE'S" CHERRY POP! IT SMELLS LIKE STRYCHNINE!
SAM! LOOK AT THE FANCY COMB THE KID WAS CARRIED!
ACE DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY EFFIE CALL ON "BIG MIKE" AND HERE'S WHAT THEY FIND —

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! LAST TIME MIKE NEEDED A COMB WAS 20 YEARS AGO AND LOOK AT THAT MESS OF RED HAIR! COME ON! LET'S CALL ON SOME DRUGGISTS!
YOU MEAN RED HAIR AND STRYCHNINE ADD UP TO SOMETHING?


YOU SAY THE RED HEAD GAVE YOU A PRESCRIPTION FOR STRYCHNINE A FEW DAYS AGO?
For good looking hair BUY WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
THAT'S RIGHT! AND HE SURE GOT MAD WHEN I TOLD HIM HE NEEDED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR HIS HAIR. TOLD ME TO MIND MY OWN BUSINESS


LATER—AT HEADQUARTERS
NO KIDDING, CHIEF! BIG MIKE'S DEAD AND THIS COMB TELLS ME RED CASTO DID IT.
SMART DETECTIVE WORK, SAM! WE'LL GIVE RED A GOING OVER — KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING OUT?

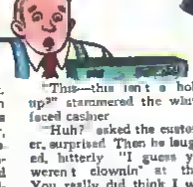
SAM SPADE SAYS, "NEAT, WELL GROOMED HAIR HELPS YOU MAKE THE GRADE." AND FOR WELL GROOMED HAIR YOU CAN'T BEAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL."
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
HERE'S THE PLACE, CHIEF!
OKAY, BOYS! GET YOUR GUNS OUT!

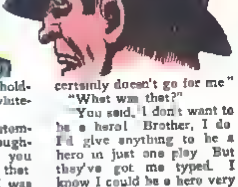
RED CASTO! ALL PACKED AND READY TO BLOW! GET 'EM UP!
SEE, SAM! IF RED HAD USED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HIS HAIR WOULD BE SO NEAT THAT COMB WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM AWAY!
YEP, BABY—CRIME DOESN'T PAY—WELL, GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART

ALWAYS A VILLAIN

By

Rod Reed





IT was nearing midnight. The cashier in the Main Street Soda Fountain was back of the cigar counter, counting up his receipts. Two girls, the only customers in the store, had paid their checks and were huddled at the revolving door, zipping up their raincoats and getting their umbrellas ready for a dash into the black, stormy night. The door whooshed and they were gone. The cashier took his eyes off the bundle of bills to glance sideways at the clock. Two more minutes and he'd be able to lock up for the night.

The cashier was so intent on counting, that he didn't hear the door whoosh again. He was putting a rubber band around a fat packet of ten-dollar bills when he heard a gravel voice growl, "I'll take that roll, buddy."

Jerking his head up, the cashier faced a pair of slit eyes, shadowed by a pulled-down soft hat. Under the eyes was a sharp nose and beneath that a curved, cruel, thin-lipped mouth. The cashier's darting eyes saw that the man's right hand was firmly held in his coat pocket—a pocket that bulged menacingly.

The cashier raised both hands high and said, through chattering teeth, "Don't shoot. Go ahead—take the money. I don't wanta be a hero."

"Aw, cut the clowning," said the gravel voice, "I'm in no mood for gags. Here!"

The man's right hand came out of his pocket and thrust a quarter toward the cashier.

"This—this isn't a hold-up?" stammered the white-faced cashier.

"Huh? asked the customer, surprised. Then he laughed, bitterly. "I guess you weren't clownin' at that. You really did think I was a crook, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," replied the cashier, still not too certain where he stood. "You—you did ask for the roll. The bankroll."

"Not the bankroll," laughed the sharp-nosed man, without mirth. "I meant that last Candy Roll in your case. Been havin' a hard time gettin' any lately."

RELIEVED, the cashier handed over the candy. He was scrutinizing the customer, his mind puzzling over something. Finally he said, "Say I knew who you are. I knew I saw you before. No wonder I was kinda scared. You're the fellow that's the gangster in that play, *The Murder of Murgatroyd Mush*. You're name's Basil—Basil—"

"Yeh, that's right," said the customer, "Basil Beaugardis. How'd you like my act?"

"Swell," said the cashier. "You were swell. So realistic. Just like a real gangster. No wonder you scared me out of my wits just now. I was glad when they shot you at the end of the play. Everybody was glad to see you die. They really hated you."

"I know," replied Basil, unwrapping his candy. "Nobody loves me. You said something when you thought I was a stickup artist that certainly doesn't go for me."

"What was that?"

"You said, 'I don't want to be a hero!' Brother, I do. I'd give anything to be a hero in just one play. But they've got me typed. I know I could be a hero very well, but they always give me the heavy role. I'm always the villian. Sure wish I could be the hero."

"I guess I know how you feel," assented the cashier. "The hero always gets the pretty girl."

"That's only one thing," mumbled Basil, as he bit off a chunk of the candy. "The ha-wa owgue getch the pih-we bunny."

I beg your pardon?" said the cashier.

Basil swallowed his candy. "The hero always gets the pretty money too," he repeated. 'Pretty girls, pretty money, pretty elfers from Hollywood. I sure wish I could be a hero."

SO absorbed were cashier and customer in discussing Basil's plight that they failed to hear the revolving door whoosh once again.

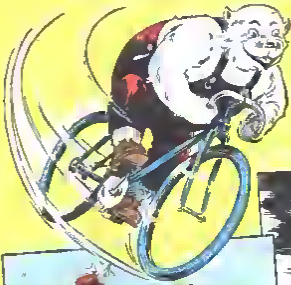
"This is a stickup," said a soft, low voice.

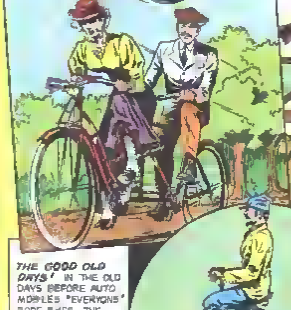
Basil whirled to face three men. Each was tall, strong, clean-cut looking. One was bare headed. His wavy red hair shone brightly under the lights. He could have passed for a college boy on his way to the junior prom. Another was dark, sleek, dressed in the height of fashion. He might have been a ballroom dancer. The third blonde and boyish, had almost a baby face. And each was holding a vicious-look-

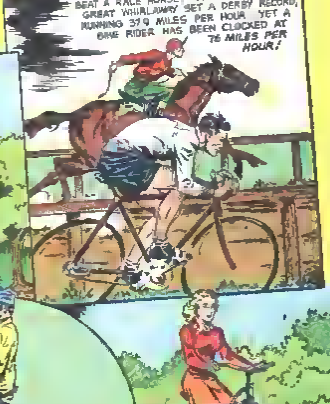
(TURN TO NEXT PAGE)

BEAR BIKE FACTS

BY THE GILLETTE BEAR

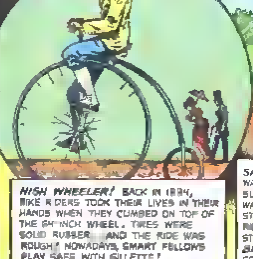




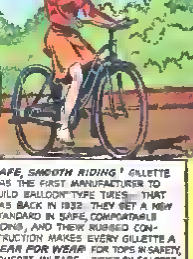


RACE HORSE VERSUS BIKE! CAN A CYCLIST BEAT A RACE HORSE? YOU BET! THE GREAT WHIRLAWAY SET A DERBY RECORD, RUNNING 3:19 MILES PER HOUR. YET A BIKE RIDER HAS BEEN CLOCKED AT 76 MILES PER HOUR!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS! IN THE OLD DAYS BEFORE AUTOMOBILES "EVERYONE" RODE BIKES. THE LOCAL DANDIES TOOK THEIR GIRLS RIDING ON TANDEMS — AND THE GIRLS PEDALED, TOO! BICYCLING TODAY IS STILL A FAVORITE SPORT AND, OF COURSE, GILLETTE TIRES MAKE IT BETTER THAN EVER!



HIGH WHEELER! BACK IN 1884, BIKE RIDERS TOOK THEIR LIVES IN THEIR HANDS WHEN THEY CLIMBED ON TOP OF THE 54 INCH WHEEL. TIRES WERE SOLID RUBBER — AND THE RIDE WAS ROUGH! NOWADAYS, SMART FELLOWS PLAY SAFE WITH GILLETTE!



SAFE, SMOOTH RIDING! GILLETTE WAS THE FIRST MANUFACTURER TO BUILD BALLOON TYPE TIRES — THAT WAS BACK IN 1932. THEY SET A NEW STANDARD IN SAFE, COMFORTABLE RIDING, AND THEIR RUGGED CONSTRUCTION MAKES EVERY GILLETTE A *BEAR FOR WEAR*. FOR TOPS IN SAFETY, COMFORT, MILEAGE — INSIST ON GILLETTE

WATCH FOR OTHER *BEAR BIKE FACTS* IN FUTURE ISSUES!

GILLETTE

Bicycle Tires

ing automatic.

"Hero types," thought Basil Beauregarde, and he instinctively hated them all, with or without guns.

The cashier had a broad smile on his face. "Well, what'll it be boys? Cigarettes? Coke? A soda? I'll have to hurry it. It's past closing time, you know."

"Don't be funny," said the red-head. "Hand over the roll!"

"Sorry," laughed the cashier, "but this gentleman bought the last roll in the house. He's still eating it as you can see. How about an almond bar?"

"Buddy, this is a stickup!" asserted the red-head. "Now get your hands up."

"Ha, ha, you can't fool me with those water pistols," chuckled the cashier.

Crack!

The baby-faced bandit's gun spit fire and a bullet whizzed past the storeman's ear, shattering a mirror behind him.

"What'd you do that for?" snarled the red-head. "Now we'll have the place swarming with cops."

"Had to," retorted Baby Face. "He wouldn't believe us."

"Well, grab the dough and let's beat it," Red said. "No time to lose."

The cashier put up no opposition. He had fainted dead away.

But in their eagerness to grab the cash, the three hold-up men took their eyes off Basil Beauregarde for a moment.

THE actor's fist shot out, catching Baby Face on the side of the jaw. Baby yelled as he fell. The two others turned and jumped at Basil. He ducked under and slammed a hard right into Red's stomach.

With Blackie off balance and Red doubled up, Basil had a split second to see Baby Face, sprawled but bringing up his pistol.

"Being a hero isn't as easy as I thought," the actor grunted as he dived at Baby, grappling with his gun arm just as the cartridge exploded. Basil wrestled for the pistol, but Baby Face, bringing up a knee, took all the wind out of the actor.

As he fell back, he saw the packet of money lying on the floor, within easy reach. Basil grabbed it, then dived behind the soda fountain counter.

"He's hiding behind the soda fountain," yelled Baby Face.

"Let him go. Bring the dough and let's get out of here." Red hollered.

"I haven't got it," said Baby.

"I haven't either, asserted Blackie. "Thought you had it."

"I dropped it when that monkey slugged me," Red said.

"Then he must've got it!" cried Blackie.

"Let's get him," snarled Red, moving toward the soda fountain. "Don't waste time. Put a bullet into him. Get the money!"

Basil, crouching low behind the counter, could hear all this. He looked vainly for a way out. There was a door at the rear of the fountain but Baby Face had already cut off retreat that way. Blackie was covering the other end of the counter. And Red approached from the middle.

'Looks like last act curtain," thought Basil, as he glanced wildly around for some means of defense.

HE could hear Red's footsteps coming closer. He saw the glint of the gun. With his right hand he jerked the lever on the soda water faucet. With his left he deflected the outpouring fluid so it hissed squarely into Red's face.

"Ow, I'm blinded!" cried Red, the cry fading as Basil keyoed him with a pop bottle.

Baby Face, rushing to Red's aid, was splattered square on the countenance with a double-sized helping of whipped cream. As his fingers sought frantically to clear the gooey stuff from his eyes, he too, was walloped soundly on the head with a bottle.

Basil turned just as Blackie's trigger finger was squeezing. A whole jar of maraschino cherries broke over Blackie's head and oozed like blood down his face. But his gun went off and the bullet creased Basil's skull just enough to drop him flat and cold.

The cashier, having come to staggered toward the soda fountain. He picked up the pistol of the unconscious Baby Face. Then saw the red-splattered Blackie, and fainted dead away again, clutching the gun.

It was thus the cops found him. "What a fight this guy put up!" they declared, looking at the cashier in admiration.

IN the patrol wagon, Red, Baby Face and Blackie were still unconscious. Basil came to, fuzzily, and it took him a moment to figure out where he was. Then he exclaimed, 'Hey, officer, this is all wrong. I'm not one of the bandits. I was just a customer."

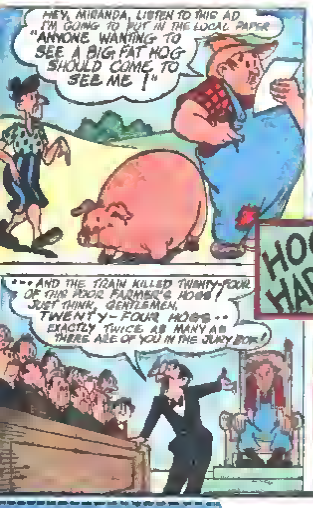
'With that puss?" retorted the cop, looking at Basil's slit eyes, sharp nose and cruel curved, thin-lipped mouth. 'You got gangster written all over you, bub!"

Basil knew it was no use trying to explain. He was certain everything would be straightened out, finally, but as he rubbed his bandaged head he thought ruefully, "I guess I just can't win. Even when I'm a hero—I'm a villain!"

THE END

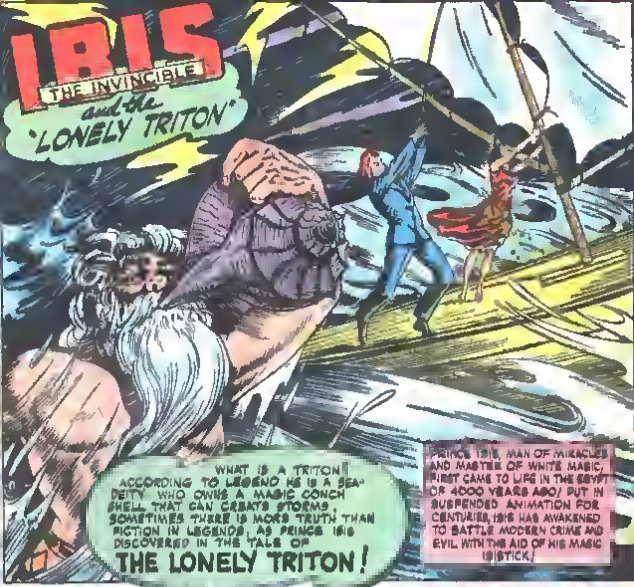
Tootsie Roll
Captain
Tootsie's
COUNTER SPOOK
OKAY, MEN! THIS IS THE MUMMY ROOM WHERE THE JEWELS WERE TAMPERED WITH! CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SAID WE SHOULD STAND GUARD TONIGHT!
WHERE IS CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, ROLLO?
DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE AROUND WHEN WE NEED HIM! HERE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SAID TO EAT TOOTSIE ROLLS SO WE'LL HAVE QUICK ENERGY!
YUM! I LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS!
THE CHILDREN HIDE AND SETTLE DOWN TO WATCH, BUT OTHER EYES ARE WATCHING, TOO... MYSTERIOUS EYES!
AFTER THE MUSEUM CLOSES FOR THE DAY, THINGS START TO HAPPEN...
ALL RIGHT, JOE! DA COAST IS CLEAR!
YEAH! LET'S GO IN DA JEWEL ROOM AND GIT TA WORK!
HA! DESE JEWELS IS WOT' A FORTUNE!
CRASH!
ROLLO! HELP! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!
HOOTIN' ZOOTS! THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
STOP! THIEF!
!?
TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR TOOTSIE ROLLS TODAY! 'CAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO NEED SOME QUICK ENERGY—RIGHT NOW!
YIPE!
CROOKS NEVER ARE SMART PEOPLE!
AH!
AAH!
RAY!
THE CROOKS LEARN THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY.
AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT, MEN, WE NEED ANOTHER TOOTSIE ROLL! I'LL PICK US UP... FAST!
THANKS, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! OBOY! YOU REALLY SHOWED THOSE CROOKS SOME QUICK ENERGY!
M-m-m! Dee-licious, dee-luscious Tootsie Rolls! As each chocolaty, chewy bite simply melts in your mouth, you can practically feel that good ol' energy shootin' to your muscles—even comin' out of the wheels of your skates! Get yourself Tootsie Rolls in the big, wrap-your-jumbo size—it's swell!
BOYS! GIRLS! FOR QUICK ENERGY, COUNT ON TOOTSIE ROLLS! HERE'S ENOUGH ENERGY IN A TOOTSIE ROLL TO SKATE 2½ MILES!
Tootsie Roll

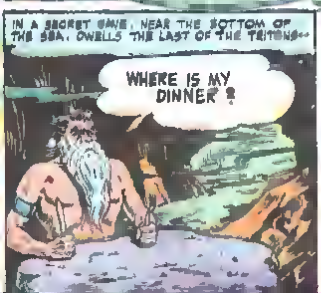
GIGGLE GAGS


HEY, MIRANDA, LISTEN TO THIS AD I'M GOING TO PUT IN THE LOCAL PAPER "ANYONE WANTING TO SEE A BIG FAT HOG SHOULD COME TO SEE ME!"
AH, HERE'S YOUR PIG PEN, BUT WHY DO YOU CALL YOUR PIG "WRITEWELL"?
SHUCKS THAT'S NOT HIS REAL NAME-THAT'S ONLY HIS PEN NAME!
HOG HAPPY
...AND THE TRAIN KILLED TWENTY-FOUR OF THE POOR FARMER'S HOGS! JUST THINK, GENTLEMEN, TWENTY-FOUR HOGS-- EXACTLY TWICE AS MANY AS THERE ARE OF YOU IN THE JURY BOX!
DOWN WHERE I COME FROM, WE GIVE PEANUTS TO HOGS!
IS THAT SO? WELL, HAVE SOME OF MY PEANUTS, THEN!
ZOO
ENTRANCE

COMIX CARDS

START YOUR OWN COLLECTION OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS HEROES! TWO DIFFERENT CHARACTERS WILL APPEAR EVERY MONTH IN WHIZ COMICS EXCLUSIVELY!


IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE
and the
"LONELY TRITON"
WHAT IS A TRITON? ACCORDING TO LEGEND HE IS A SEA-DEITY WHO OWNS A MAGIC CONCH SHELL THAT CAN CREATE STORMS. SOMETIMES THERE IS MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION IN LEGENDS, AS PRINCE IBIS DISCOVERED IN THE TALE OF
THE LONELY TRITON!
PRINCE IBIS, MAN OF MIRACLES AND MASTER OF WHITE MAGIC, FIRST CAME TO LIFE IN THE EGYPT OF 4000 YEARS AGO; PUT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR CENTURIES, IBIS HAS AWAKENED TO BATTLE MODERN CRIME AND EVIL WITH THE AID OF HIS MAGIC (STICK.)


IN A SECRET CAVE, NEAR THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, DWELLS THE LAST OF THE TRITONS--
WHERE IS MY DINNER?

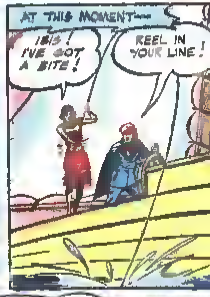
SYLPH, YOU LAZY MERMAN, WHY ISN'T DINNER READY?
I CAN SERVE YOU NO MORE, MASTER! I AM DYING....

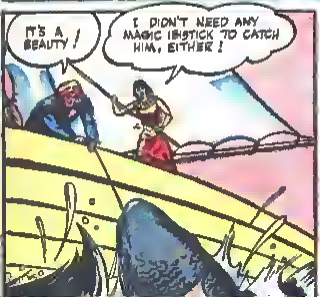
DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU CAN'T DIE! YOU'RE THE ONLY SERVANT I HAVE LEFT.. ..THE ONLY ONE I CAN EVEN TALK TO!
GASP!... FAREWELL... ..MASTER...

HE'S DEAD! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH MERMEN! WHY WASN'T I IMMORTAL LIKE ME? IF I WASN'T THE LAST TRITON I WOULDN'T BE SO LONELY!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CATCH MY OWN DINNER! HERE'S A NICE FISH! I'LL CATCH IT!--OOPS!--

IT SLIPPED FROM MY HANDS! NO GOSH-DARNED FISH CAN GET AWAY FROM ME!


AT THIS MOMENT...
I'VE GOT A BITE!
REEL IN YOUR LINE!


IT'S A BEAUTY!
I DION'T NEED ANY MAGIC LIPSTICK TO CATCH HIM, EITHER!

BY NEPTUNE! MY DINNER HAS DISAPPEARED!

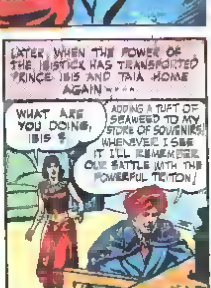
THERE IT IS! THOSE STRANGE LOOKING CREATURES HAVE STOLEN IT!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM BEFORE! BUT THEY SHOULD MAKE USEFUL SERVANTS! I'LL TAKE THEM TO MY SEA CAVE!
IBIS!
GREAT ZOTH!
LET GO OF HER!
WHAM
OHHHH!
THUD
HE'S SPEAKING! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING... IBISTICK: INTERPRET THE ALIENTER'S LANGUAGE!

THE MAGIC POWER OF THE IBISTICK INTERPRETS THE TRITON'S WARNING--
YOU DARED TO ATTACK ME! FOR THIS, YOU AND THE GIRL CREATURE WILL BE PUNISHED! YOU WILL BE MY SLAVES UNTIL YOU DIE!
COME!
IBISTICK! GIVE TAIA THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN!
THE IBISTICK OBEYS AND--
OOOOF!
YOU BRUTE!
HOW DARE YOU PICK ON A POOR, DEFENSELESS WOMAN?
OWOOO! THE GIRL CREATURE IS A DEMON!
GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!
WHAM
NOW THAT THE DEED IS DONE, IBISTICK, LET TAIA BE AS SHE WAS!
OH, IBIS! I WAS SO FRIGHTENED!
WE WON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT TRITON AGAIN!

BUT A TRITON NEVER FORGETS—
THE GIRL CREATURE MADE A FOOL OF ME! BUT I'LL GET MY REVENGE!
I'LL BLOW UP A STORM THAT WILL SINK THEIR BOAT!
WHEN THE TRITON BLOWS ON HIS MAGIC CONCH SHELL—
WHERE DID THIS STORM COME FROM? THE WATER WAS CALM A SECOND AGO!
I DON'T KNOW! BUT IT'S GETTING WORSE!
LOOK OUT!
TAIA... WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE I AM, IDA!
OHHH!
IT'S THE TRITON!

IBISTICK! GIVE TAIA AND MYSELF THE POWER TO BREATHE UNDERWATER!
NOW I CAN BATTLE THE TRITON IN HIS OWN DOMAIN!
HA! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU SO SOON!
IBISTICK! DESTROY THE TRITON!
YOUR FUNY LITTLE STICK CAN'T HURT ME!
THE IBISTICK FAILED!
THAT MEANS HIS MAGIC IS AS GREAT AS MINE!
BLAM
SO WE'LL SETTLE THIS ANOTHER WAY!
BAM
BUT PRINCE IBIS' SUPPLE STRENGTH AND QUICKNESS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE BRUTE MIGHT OF THE TRITON--!"
I COULD KILL YOU BUT I WON'T... I STILL HAVE USE FOR YOU!

YOU AND THE GIRL CREATURE I WILL BE MY SERVANTS! IT IS NOT FITTING THAT A TRITON SHOULD HAVE TO WORK...
HE HAS THE IBISTICK! WITHOUT IT, THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ESCAPING FROM HIM!
HELPLESS, THE ONCE MIGHTY PRINCE IBIS IS FORCED TO DO MENIAL TASKS FOR AN UNSPEAKING MASTER---
SOFTEN MY BED WITH SEA-WEED! I'M TIRED!
HERE IS YOUR DINNER, O TRITON!
LATER--
I MUST GET BACK THE IBISTICK!
HE BORED HIMSELF! NOW HE'S ASLEEP!
IBIS! THE TRITON'S AWAKE!
SO! YOU TRIED TO TRICK ME, EH?
IBISTICK! TURN THE TRITON INTO A FISH!
IT'S NO USE! THE MAGIC OF THE IBISTICK CAN'T HURT THAT MONSTER!
FOOL!
BIFF!
BEATEN AND DESPERATE, PRINCE IBIS CLUTCHES THE IBISTICK WITH THE REMNANTS OF HIS FAILING STRENGTH---
IBISTICK! CREATE ANOTHER TRITON!


LATER, WHEN THE POWER OF THE IBISTICK HAS TRANSPORTED PRINCE IBIS AND TAIA HOME AGAIN....
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, IBIS?
ADDING A TUFT OF SEAWEED TO MY STORE OF SOUVENIRS. WHENEVER I SEE IT I'LL REMEMBER OUR BATTLE WITH THE POWERFUL TRITON!

The WHIZ QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY. SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT— 4 CORRECT, GOOD— 3 CORRECT, FAIR— 2 CORRECT, POOR

1. THE HIGHEST BANKNOTE ISSUED BY THE FEDERAL RESERVE IS $5000.
   ☐ True ☐ False

2. KLEIG LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT LIGHTS USED FOR THEATRICAL PURPOSES.
   ☐ True ☐ False

3. A FISH NEVER CLOSES ITS EYES WHEN IT SLEEPS.
   ☐ True ☐ False

4. FIRST EDITIONS OF BOOKS ARE ALWAYS SO MARKED.
   ☐ True ☐ False

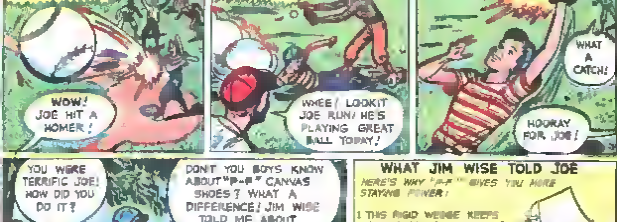
5. THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF TYPES OF FLOWERS.
   ☐ True ☐ False

ANSWERS:
1. FALSE—THE HIGHEST BANKNOTE ISSUED IS $10,000.
2. TRUE. 3. TRUE. FISH HAVE NO EYELIDS.
4. FALSE. 5. FALSE—THERE ARE ONLY NINE TYPES OF FLOWERS.

POKEY JOE'S SECRET WEAPON

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY

IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE FELLAS WERE CHOOSING SIDES...
I PICK BOB.
GUESS WE'RE STUCK WITH JOE
HECK! THERE GOES THE BALL GAME! THAT POKEY JOE IS SLOW AS MOLASSES!
POKEY, EH? I'LL SHOW EM! I GOT A SECRET WEAPON TODAY!



WHAT JIM WISE TOLD JOE

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F" ™

MEANS POSITIVE FOUNDATION...A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B.F.Goodrich AND HOOD RUBBER CO.

THE NEXT DAY..
SURE I SELL "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. ALL THE ATHLETES GO FOR THEM!
WE SURE WANT 'EM! "P-F" MADE A WINNER OUT OF JOE!
THEY CALL HIM SPEEDY JOE NOW!

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NEW "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

Tiny cell packs enough energy to hit 200 Home Runs!

Like baseball? Like to raise the roof when your favorite slugger blasts one out of the park? Then here's news: The amazing new "Eveready" flashlight cell contains energy equal to the amount needed to smash out 200 major league homeruns! Extra power makes "Eveready" batteries the season's champion for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!

WHAT a supercharger is to a racing car—the new "Eveready" battery is to your flashlight. It "packs in the energy"—93% more of it than even the great pre-war "Eveready" cells gave you! You get nearly *double* the life . . . maximum light for nearly *twice* as long. For good service . . . better light . . . best quality . . . get these new "Eveready" brand flashlight batteries!

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MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY
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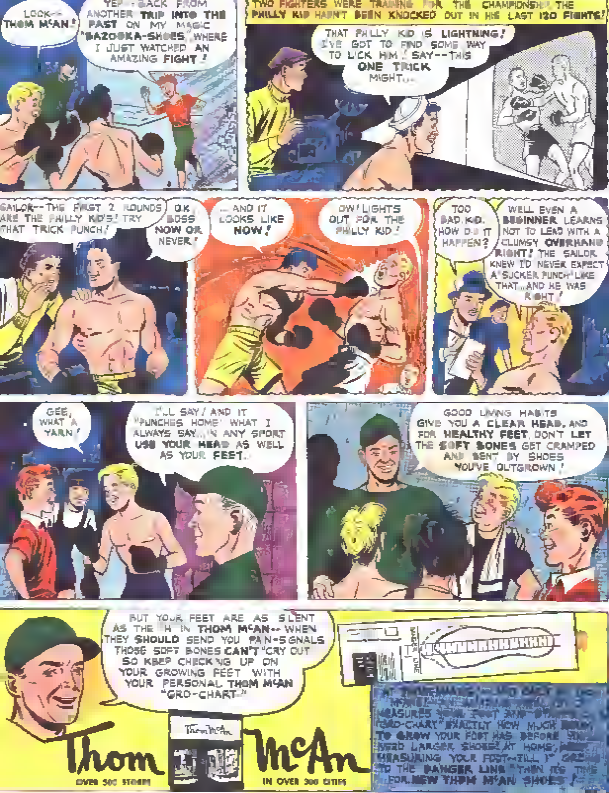
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

"THE SUCKER KNOCKOUT!"

A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM McAN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"


LOOK--THOM McAN!
YEP!--BACK FROM ANOTHER TRIP INTO THE PAST ON MY MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" WHERE I JUST WATCHED AN AMAZING FIGHT!
TWO FIGHTERS WERE TRAINING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP THE PHILLY KID HADN'T BEEN KNOCKED OUT IN HIS LAST 120 FIGHTS!
THAT PHILLY KID IS LIGHTNING! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO LICK HIM! SAY--THIS ONE TRICK MIGHT...
SAILOR--THE FIRST 2 ROUNDS ARE THE PHILLY KID'S! TRY THAT TRICK PUNCH!
OK BOSS NOW OR NEVER!
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE NOW!
OW! LIGHTS OUT FOR THE PHILLY KID!
TOO BAD KID. HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
WELL EVEN A BEGINNER LEARNS NOT TO LEAD WITH A CLUMSY OVERHAND! THE SAILOR KNEW I'D NEVER EXPECT A "SUCKER PUNCH" LIKE THAT...AND HE WAS RIGHT!
GEE, WHAT A YARN!
I'LL SAY! AND IT "PUNCHES HOME" WHAT I ALWAYS SAY...IN ANY SPORT USE YOUR HEAD AS WELL AS YOUR FEET.
GOOD LIVING HABITS GIVE YOU A CLEAR HEAD, AND FOR HEALTHY FEET DON'T LET THE SOFT BONES GET CRAMPED AND BENT BY SHOES YOU'VE OUTGROWN!
BUT YOUR FEET ARE AS SILENT AS THE "H" IN THOM McAN--WHEN THEY SHOULD SEND YOU PAIN-SIGNALS THOSE SOFT BONES CAN'T CRY OUT SO KEEP CHECKING UP ON YOUR GROWING FEET WITH YOUR PERSONAL THOM McAN "GRO-CHART."
MEASURING YOUR FOOT--TILL IT GETS TO THE DANGER LINE "THEN ITS TIME FOR NEW THOM McAN SHOES!"
Thom
OVER 500 STORES
McAn
IN OVER 300 CITIES

LITTLE BEAVER, DO YOU SAVVY THE 10 RULES IN TH' SPORTMAN'S SAFETY CODE?

Here's the Sportman's Safety Code for

DAISY

AIR RIFLE OWNERS

YOU BETCHUM, RED RYDER! YOU LISTEN--- ME REPEAT-UM!

- ME WILL NEVER POINT-UM GUN AT ANY-THING ME NOT INTEND TO SHOOT-UM.
- ME WILL NEVER LOAD-UM GUN WHEN MUZZLE IS POINTED AT ANYBODY. ● ME WILL NEVER COCK-UM GUN OR PULL-UM TRIGGER JUST FOR FUN. ● ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM GUN BEFORE WHICH MAKE BULLET BOUNCE-UM OFF. ● ME WILL NEVER HANDLE GUN WITHOUT FIRST TAKE-UM PEEK TO BE SURE GUN IS EMPTY.
- ME WILL NEVER CARRY-UM GUN WHILE IT LOCKED OR OFF SAFETY. YOU BETCHUM!
- ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT SONG BIRD. ● ILLEGAL GAME OR LIVE TREE. ME THINK-UM.
- ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT ANYTHING BEFORE MAKE-UM SURE ME NOT INJURE SOMETHING IF ME MISS UM TARGET. ● ME WILL ALWAYS BE PLENTY CAREFUL WHEN CLIMBING THROUGH FENCE BY PUTTUM GUN MUZZLE THROUGH FENCE FIRST. ● ME WILL ALWAYS CLEAN AND OIL-UM MY GUN PRONTO AFTER USING IT

Learn and follow the Sportsman's SAFETY Code—explained here in Little Beaver's language—timed to complete farm holiday the genuine Daisy Handbook! Surely do you adore the Code of others—so please use pen-age of Daisy name that your parent or pal is *absolutely sure* to see in front you. Show this message to your folks. Tell them you shoot safely with a Daisy—the fun gun MILLIONS of American DADS gave a say when they was a boys!

DAISY HANDBOOK READY!

TELLS HOW TO SHOOT SAFE

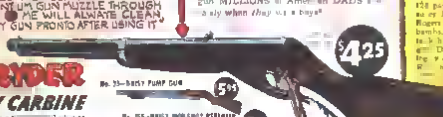
ndd page Handbook fea-ure of Red Ryder. Both Ryder's comic strips, classic bombs, et power jokes to kill to so stir rules, com-Daisy AIR Rifle Cata-log. Limited supply. ll name address, stamp mailed Jc stamp-me ll me t Handbook postpaid

Puts A-Med ■ Canada

1000 SHOT

RED RYDER

COWBOY CARBINE



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No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN $5.95

No. 85—DAISY HAND-SHOT PISTOLET $3.25

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

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